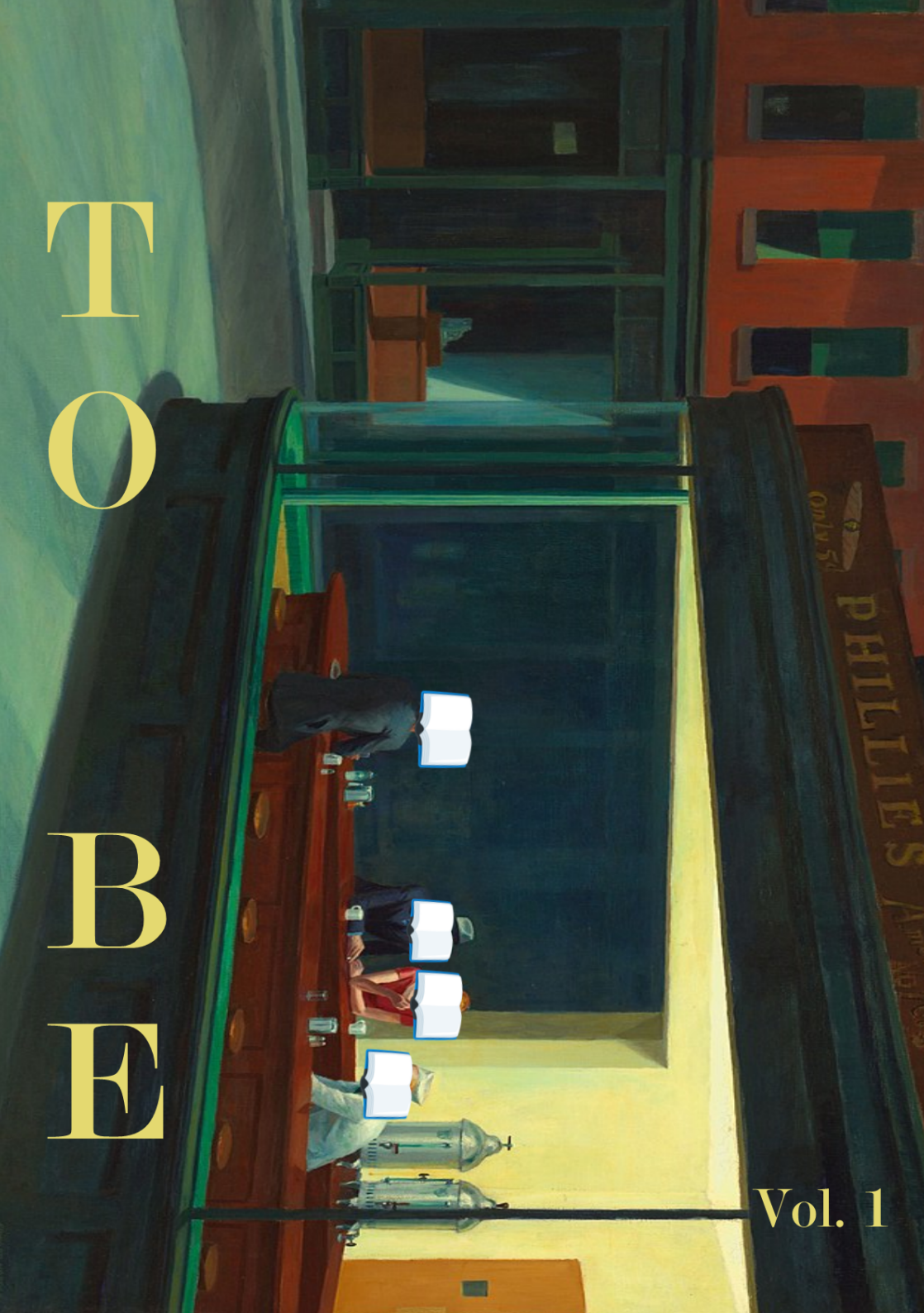


T O B E



Vol. 1

To Be Zine

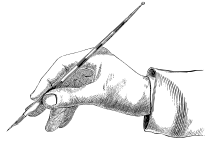
Volume 1

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Cover art: Nighthawks (1942) by Edward Hopper. Oil on
canvas. Art Institute of Chicago

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editor's note

To be is to create. To question. To challenge what is
and explore what could.

Welcome to the first issue of To Be*, a zine brought to
you by the Kilvington Creative Writing Club. This
eclectic collection of fiction, non-fiction, and art
echoes the diverse passions and ideas of its creators. I
have been incredibly inspired by how fearlessly these
young writers express themselves in art and in life. I'm
sure you will be, too.

Tamara Drazic

TO BE

CONTINUED

*Title contributed by Peter Wang

ELISE SONG - ARIANA MAMMEN - MADDIE PRENTICE -
LIAM ELIAV - EMMA GRACEY - ELSIE STEPHENS



PREFACE

LIAM ELIAV

A project—well, more of an experiment. Well, truly an enterprise. And perhaps, just a zine. Here, dear reader, is the fruit of a few laboured months on end. The true and unfiltered creations of some very talented young minds.

But first, the cover. I recall vividly, seeing Nighthawks for the first time. It was cold. It was desolate. More of a suburban wasteland, a solitary vibration of the night than any tangible setting. The people sit there, consumed by their cloudy visions. For fear of cliché, it is a superbly acute feeling of despair in isolation. Edward Hopper loved to paint pictures of people at their windows as he raced past them on the New York metro. Thus his portraits and artworks have a lineage to the faintly subliminal realism of Vermeer with the naturally flat and crayon-like colours of the Fauvists. The only real thing in them are his people.

They are unwilling and unconsenting subjects. His nude women at the sill feel like victims of our own brash prurience.

Nighthawks is different. The people are not in their 'every-day'. They are not comfortable, they are not normal, and the lone cash register in the ethereal boutique across the road is certainly not in its correct position. They are tense and, it appears to us, absorbed by pages.

All this to say, that this is a collection to be enjoyed. Though the pieces vary, from sad to funny to oddly delirious, they are here to represent the finest of this school's ability. Equally, these talented people represent the best of their generation. I myself have contributed this and a crossword later on so I cannot be counted among this group. Dear reader, peruse this collection carefully and with vigour for if not you may miss some of the most extraordinary thinkers and writers of tomorrow. In English, there is no word to express what Victor Hugo thought of: 'to die in the radiance of the future'. Yet today, these works represent, in time—writing, in the radiance of the future.



MIRROR

BY ELISE SONG AND ARIANA MAMMEN

Ava

I studied the radiant stars through the grubby glass, as I pictured the moment when numerous flashlights were shining in the dark night in the crowd during last night's game, with loud cheering that had filled my ears. It all came down to the last moment of the game. I kicked the ball and as it soared through the chilly sky, the crowd went completely silent. Goal! Our team had played their best game yet.

I opened my eyes to come back to reality; my heart was filled with excitement for the next day, the first day of the term. The thrilling thought of meeting all my friends again made me not see the missed calls from my friend. I called her back immediately and as I patiently waited for my friend to pick up, I examined my face in the camera, my midnight black hair draped across my shoulders and chocolate brown

eyes. Suddenly, I heard a loud bang. My sister Sage had dropped her books on the wooden floor. She apologised from the other room. Sage was completely different to me, timid and quiet. She would always have her nose in books surrounded by her long hazelnut brown hair, with her glasses covering her big sea-green eyes.

"Ava, are you there?" Finally, Christy had answered her phone. I snapped out of my gaze and I spent the rest of the night chatting with her about the next day, squealing with excitement.

Sage

I laid on my bed staring at the ceiling, as I savoured my last few hours of freedom before school. Just the thought of a new term, having to make friends and talk to new people made me want to stay in my bed forever. For a moment I just laid there thinking about how different my life could've been if I had even a pinch of Ava's confidence. I bet she's over the moon about going back to school and seeing all her friends again. I sighed and I pulled myself out of bed. I couldn't put this off for any longer; I still needed to pack my school bag.

I located my new binders and notebooks underneath the collection of books I had acquired over the course of the holidays. Just as I pulled my schoolbooks out from the bottom of the pile the novels I had piled on top all tumbled down causing a series of loud banging sounds.

"Sorry" I yelled over my shoulder towards my sister's room. I picked my books up and gently placed them in my bag along with my pens, careful not to drop anything.

I glanced at the clock on the wall, 8:30, I guess I could have an early night, don't want to be tired tomorrow. As I walked back from the bathroom, I saw Ava's light still on.

Lucky her, she could have no sleep and still be her happy self the next day. I placed my glasses onto my bedside table and listened to the faint chatter coming from the room next-door, at least one of us was excited.

Ava

As I got of the car, I saw a few figures in the distance. I walked towards them and saw Christy and Jack ready to greet me with bright smiles across their faces. We exchanged hugs and skipped away to our lockers, preparing for our first classes, chatting about our holidays.

At last, freedom! After finishing most of my very dull classes, it was lunch time. I excused myself to grab my lunch money and told my friends to just wait for me in the cafeteria in our usual spot, right near the entrance. I galloped my way to the cafeteria, excited to have a break from the studying, but when I turned around, I was shocked to find Sage sitting at my table with my friends.

"Hey, are there any seats left for me?" I asked, trying to keep my voice neutral.

"No sorry, we invited Sage over, but you can pull up a chair," Christy responded as if she didn't care about me.

As I went to go find a chair, I couldn't help wondering why Sage stole my seat. Was she going to steal my friends as well? And why was she trying to make friends now, in term 3? As I pulled up a chair to join the table, my heart was full of rage, seeing Sage sitting in my seat next to my friends. I felt my blood boil. I could feel my cheeks burning up as all my friends complemented Sage. They braided her hair, all giggling while I was sitting there, invisible. None of my friends even considered saying hello to me. I stormed out of there, but no one turned their head.

Sage

School today wasn't as bad as I thought it would be. I mean, it was still the same boring classes and teachers but at least I had somewhere to sit at lunch. I had come back from English late and by the time I rushed into the canteen, my worst nightmare had come true. There were no empty tables, even my usual spot tucked into the corner of the hall was occupied by a group of older students. I was contemplating whether I should skip lunch and go to the library when one of Ava's friends pulled my hand and said, "thought you looked a bit lost, your welcome to sit with us." Ava's friends were so nice and it made me jealous; why did she

get to have all this fun at lunch when I was stuck all alone?

I just came back from school when I pulled out my novel and a sheet of loose-leaf paper fell out onto my bed. It was the brochure for a footy team Ava had joined at the start of the year. Might be a good way to make some new friends. I scanned through the paper and the sign-up part caught my eye. October sign ups? Maybe I should join, I'd get to experience a sport and make some new friends. I went to knock on Ava's door, excited to let her know that I'll be joining her team but was met by silence. I shrugged, maybe she was having a nap, it had been a long day after all.

At dinner, I waited until everyone was seated when I told my mum, "Hey mum, remember that footy club that Ava joined? Well, I saw that they were holding tryouts next week. Could I go?" Out of the corner of my eye I saw Ava roll her eyes and mutter something under her breath. What was up with her?

Ava

It was 6:45pm and I was sitting on my bed with so many thoughts racing through my mind. If stealing my friends wasn't enough, Sage was joining my footy team as well. She doesn't even like sport! Was she trying to copy me? I reached over to grab my earphones lying on my marbled desk to calm down with some music. While changing the song, I saw the missed texts from the group chat. They said they loved Sage and should invite her to our lunch table every day! Angry, I threw my phone across the room and it bounced off my wall into the pile of clothes on the floor.

*

It was Wednesday lunch and I was kicking the footy by myself. When I play footy, it is my therapy. It calms me down and introduces happiness again, so I can forget everything that has happened before. While calming down, I spotted someone in the distance. It was Sage, the wind was blowing her wavy hair across her face, that was hiding her black glasses. What did she want? As she came closer, she asked me hesitantly, "Hey, are you okay? You seem to be a bit sad." I ignored her, telling myself she was the reason why I was down.

"Why are you ignoring me?!" she snapped. "Maybe because you are stealing everything that I have! First my friends, then you join the same team I'm in! What's next?" I screamed. "Nothing, I promise! Look, I never meant to 'steal' anything from you. Your friends just invited me to sit at their table." She replied. "The truth is I'm jealous of you sometimes. You've always been the one having fun on weekends with sport games and hanging out with friends while I'm stuck at home helping Mum. After I sat with your friends, I realised that maybe making friends wasn't that hard and I could try to improve myself. I thought the footy club might be a good place to start because you're always saying how nice everyone is there."

"Sorry for ignoring you I guess," I replied. "I was just so caught up that I didn't pause to think about you. My friends all welcome you to our table at lunch, but maybe you could join different sport team? We do need some time apart, plus I have some friends that play soccer I could totally introduce you to them."

She smiled reaching for my hand. "Friends?"

"Friends."



by Maddie Prentice

Her wings caressed the sky, and the unnamed bird, who was the wings of the wind, flew happily. Her wings were as white as snow; she seemed like a dove but her wings were as big as an eagle.

The fluffy clouds that graced the sky dissipated when she passed. Wherever she went the breeze blew, and she would fly over the same area day in and day out.

No one knew what she did, no one even knew that she existed. It's bound to make someone disheartened. The little bird had been doing this for centuries, more and more wind birds had joined her. Each flying in different parts of the world.

The wind birds with warmer blood had red marks around their tail feathers and the wind birds with colder blood had blue marks around their tails. Every wind bird loved to fly, seemingly like the wind they never ran out of power. Although it took a while for them to fly around their area.

When they fly, if you could see them, it was as if they were sleeping. They would duck and curve in and out of the sky as they travelled their route. Occasionally they would bump into each other which caused the wind to stop; this happened often as the younger ones would go faster bumping into the older ones which are slower.

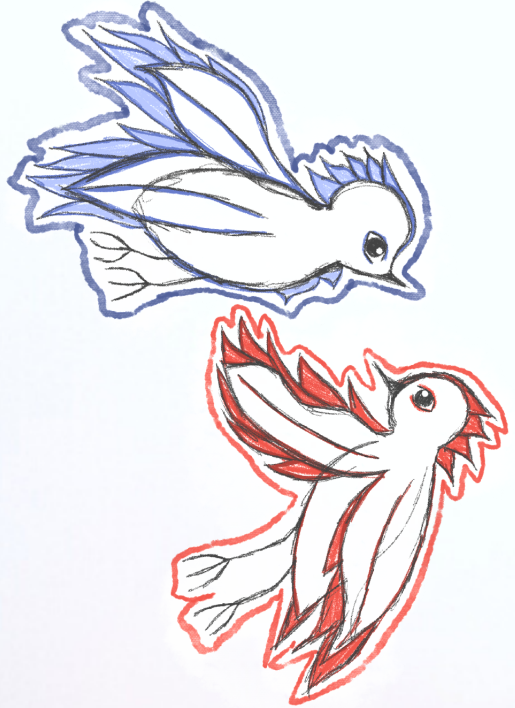
The unnamed bird had retired from flying. She would sit on the clouds and watch the other wind birds. Her wings were old and the sky was dense, the longer she flew, the harder it was to fly. The wind birds knew this too, they tried to fix it. But the wind just pushed the gas to another area.

The unnamed bird gazed into the distance to see an old wind bird's wings dissipating; the atmosphere, the one thing they thought they could trust, was killing them.

They couldn't stop creating the wind, so the unnamed bird sent a new wind bird, an untrained one as they were the only one available.

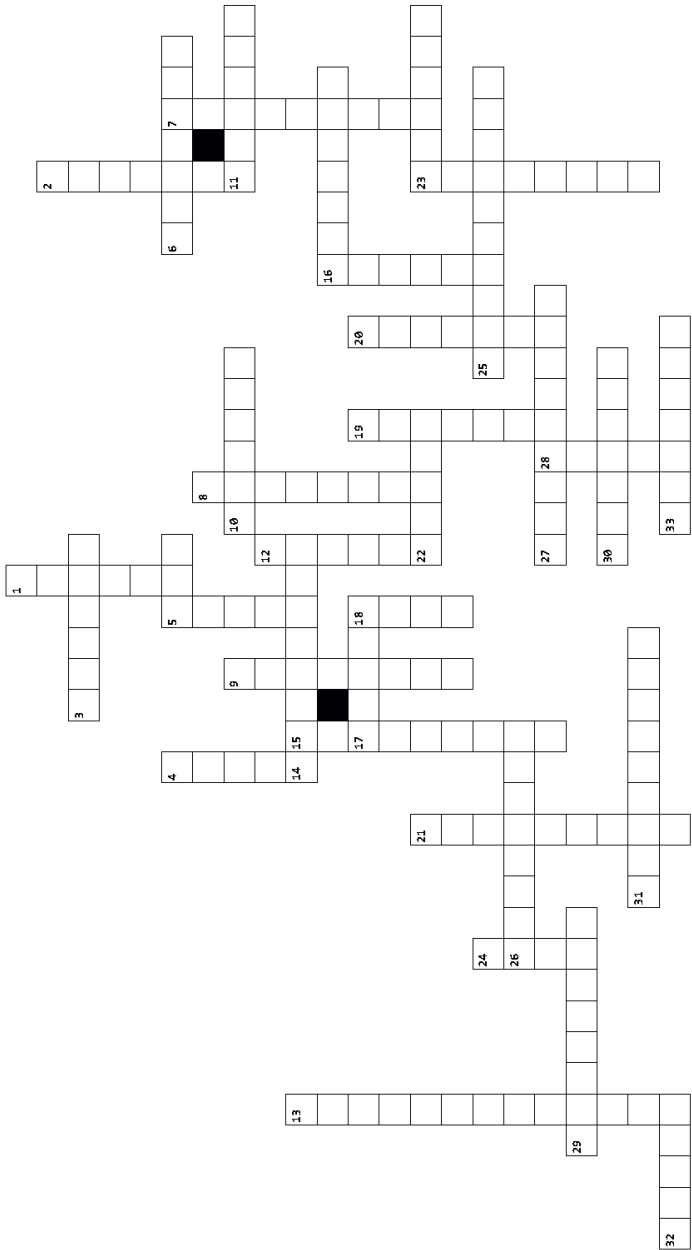
The new wind bird took the place of the old one. They did unsteady loops around the area, their wings shaking, making the unnamed bird worry.

The unnamed bird flew over to the new bird, guiding its way through the sky and clouds with twists and turns before retiring to the clouds, to forever watch the wind birds and provide aid if needed.



A HAWK, A HANDSAW, AND A NOVICE

CREATED BY LIAM ELIAV



CLUES

Across

3. Tintin's dance(transformed into aluminium)
5. to make a mistake or to be confused
6. the second fox of the NGV Contemporary
10. country bordering the dead sea
11. Exit all!
14. presenting Scom's successor
16. Hamlet's famed cutting device
17. Armed to the lips?
22. Which Lizzy's lettuce?
23. subject of Emma's story
25. With the head of Goliath
26. director of London!, London! or something like that
27. Rene: Not the painter!
29. La orginala esperantisto
30. the kind of stop that comes in between oh and o
31. canadain-french separatist party
32. an unspecific illness
33. John Quixada's creation

Down

1. Oncoming disaster! (A magical bird)
2. existence precedes...
4. the first fox of the NGV contemporary
5. Rachmaninoff's big bad wolf
7. a conservative magazine first published in 1828
8. a place with pipes in Paris
9. Sweetheart! Take the Non-Commissioned Officer to dance
12. A Sunday in the park with a pointillist
13. Stanley's big day in a Pinter play
15. a sad man wanders Algeria
16. Wagner's valkyries vamoose
18. carrion birds of the family Accipitridae
19. protagonist of Daniel 13
20. Opposite Hopper
21. A badly misspelled and violent event insinuated entirely by Arlo Guthrie
23. Rene: Not the philosopher!
24. an important city in Czechoslovakia
28. a difficult situation (2x11)

murder on the 25TH



ART BY ELSIE STEPHENS

MURDER ON THE 25TH

BY EMMA GRACEY, A BESTSELLING AUTHOR

CHAPTER 1

CRIME DOESN'T STOP FOR CHRISTMAS

Ally slammed the front door shut and stepped outside, the cold enveloping her. She took her usual route to the train station and hurried onto the platform littered with Mars Bars wrappers and Baker's Delight paper bags.

When the long blue and yellow train arrived, she boarded and held onto a yellow bar above her, as the seats were full of people going out on Christmas Day. She gazed at these people, on holiday to spend Christmas with their families, but Ally didn't really have a family. Nor someone to spend Christmas with. But that didn't matter. These people could take time off work. But crime doesn't stop for Christmas.

When the train screeched to a halt outside Apple station, Ally hopped onto the platform

and took the brisk walk up the escalator, through the shopping centre which was packed full of people shopping, eating out and celebrating Christmas, outside and across the street to the tall, imposing building dotted with small glass windows.

808 headquarters. She swiped her card at the door, nodded to the guards and waved at the CCTV cameras. Ally pressed the up button on the elevator and travelled to the 9th floor. There, she took her place at her desk, in between Jerry Rodds and Tanya Peters. They said a quick "Merry Christmas" and were about to start work when Ally's desk phone rang. She picked it up and answered. Ms Carter, Maxwell's (CEO of 808) secretary was on the other end of the line.

"Maxwell wants you in his office. Now." And with that, Carter hung up. Ally gazed, terrified, at Jerry and Tanya who asked in unison "Who was that?"

"Carter," Ally replied. "I need to go to Maxwell's office. Now."

The pair gasped as Ally stood up. "Good luck," Tanya whispered. Ally gave a hurried nod and made her way to the CEO's office, right at the top of the building, on the 16th floor.

Ally passed barely anyone on her way to Maxwell's office. Everyone must be home for Christmas, she thought. Lucky. I need to be at work. She walked by Carter outside Maxwell's office and then doubled back to talk to her.

"Carter," she whispered, "Do you have any idea why Maxwell wants to see me?"

Carter shook her head and gave sort of a grimaced smile.

"But I don't think you're the only one Maxwell wants to see," Carter whispered back and nodded in the direction of Maxwell's office. And for the first time Ally noticed someone else standing there. Jordan Noble. Oh great. Dear old Jordy.

"Good luck," Carter said.

"Thanks," Ally replied.

Ally quickly walked to the door of Maxwell's office and stood beside Jordan. He didn't say a word to her. She knocked on the door and a rich voice came through, sounding, "Come in!"

Ally and Jordan entered. "Ahh, Detective Smart, Detective Noble," said Maxwell. "Please, take a seat." The pair sat on two hardbacked wooden chairs facing Maxwell over his desk. "Now, you must be wondering why I brought you both here." Jordan gave a curt nod and Ally shifted uncomfortably in her seat. "OK then," Maxwell said cheerfully and reached for a file behind his desk. As he was doing so, Jordan glared at Ally and she pulled a face back just in time for Maxwell to turn around and see her. "I see you two don't like each other very much," Maxwell gave them a hard, but amused look.

"Yes sir," said Jordan. "We... uh... have a... history."

"Well detective, you are going to have to put that passed you and work together for a bit. You see, you are going to be partners for a case."

Jordan blinked, stunned.

"What sort of case?" Ally asked.

"A murder case," Maxwell replied. "Mr Higgins," he said, reading from the file,

"age 23, sadly passed away just this morning. Higgins wasn't ill, he wasn't old, but they found poison coursing through his corpse. They think someone poisoned him. Your job is to find out who, and possibly more importantly, why."

"Do you have any leads?" Jordan asked, regaining confidence.

"Mr Higgins' body was found near a half-eaten basket of Christmas cookies. Police have interviewed neighbours, but as it is Christmas Day they are in short supply of officers. This is where 808, and you, come in."

"Why us?" Ally asked. "I mean, not to ruin this opportunity, but we are juniors."

"Juniors never become seniors without doing a case or two," Maxwell replied. "Plus, my usual detectives are otherwise... occupied. Now, onto slightly more cheerful business, codenames!"

Ally and Jordan looked at each other excitedly, before remembering that they thoroughly disliked each other and turned away. "As you know," Maxwell began, oblivious to what had just happened, "codenames are given out when one goes on his or her first case. Detective Smart, your codename will be Redhawk. Detective Noble, yours will be Dagger."

Ally and Jordan nodded appreciatively.

"Of course, 808 has the tradition of handing out cool codenames," said Maxwell with emphasis on cool. Is Maxwell trying to be trendy? thought Ally, with muffled laughter. Cool is so last decade. "...which is of course, correct," Maxwell finished. Ally woke from her thoughts with a start. Oops. Maxwell cocked his head curiously, but Jordan spoke, distracting him from Ally.

"So, when do we start?" He asked, surprising Ally. Did my nemesis just save my butt? Did Jordy, sorry Jordan, or wait, Dagger, save my butt? The world's turned upside down.

"... so, you start right away," Maxwell finished. Oops again. "Dismissed!"

Ally shook her head and rose with Jordan. They quickly exited Maxwell's office, still shocked.

"How'd it go?" Asked Carter nervously.

"We got a... case," replied Ally.

"With him?"

Ally nodded.

"You're in for a treat."

"He's not all bad. He saved my butt in there when I zoned out."

Carter laughed. "Well, someone's had a change of heart." She raised her eyebrows mockingly.

"It is not like that. Now, I have to talk to Jerry and Tanya," Ally said, worried. "I hope they take it OK."

"If they are your real friends, they'll be happy for you."

"Yeah... OK, thanks."

And with that, Ally took off. When she reached the elevators, she noticed Jordan was waiting outside the doors. "They're taking a long time to come up," he explained. Well, this is awkward, Ally thought.

Jordan spoke. "Hey, uh, I know we haven't been the best of friends," he began. Ally snorted. "Well, not at all. But we have to put it past us. For the case," he added hurriedly. "Maybe, we could be friends. What do you say, Detective? I mean, Ally. Sorry, Redhawk." Ally laughed. "Friends," she said, her mind reeling. "OK, good," he sounded relieved.

Did I just get friend-zoned? OMG. Why am I thinking this? I should be happy we're friends. Then why aren't I? Was Carter right? No, of course not. He is cute though. Ally gasped. "What is it?" Jordan asked. "Oh, nothing... just... the lift's here!" Thank you, elevator Gods.

"Oh. Well, after you," Jordan gestured gallantly with his right arm.

"Thanks." Ally stepped into the lift and Jordan followed her. He pressed the button for the 9th floor and the lift slowly descended. When the lift reached the 9th floor with a bing, the pair stepped out and made their way to their desks. Ally sat down in between Jerry and Tanya, and gave a little wave to Jordan as he continued on his way. He waved back.

Tanya and Jerry slowly turned to face her in mock horror.

"What. Just. Happened?" said Jerry, his eyebrows raised as he paused after every word.

"What happened in Maxwell's office?" asked Tanya like Ally had been brainwashed there.

"Oh nothing," Ally replied. "We just got a case," she mumbled.

"You got a case!" Jerry exclaimed.

Damn his super good hearing.

"Congratulations!" Tanya smiled.

"Aren't you guys..." Ally began.

"Jealous?" Tanya finished for her. "No, of course not. We're your friends. This could kickstart your career. We're not going to be jealous."

Jerry nodded in agreement.

"Thanks, guys," Ally smiled.

"Wait..." Jerry said. "You're going on a case with Jordan?"

Ally nodded.

"Ahhh. Well, good luck."

"He's not too bad," Ally said, defending her nemesis once again. "He saved my butt in Maxwell's office when I zoned out."

Jerry smiled and raised his eyebrows.

"Mhmm."

Gosh. Why does everyone think that Jordan and I are an item?

"Any chance you two will get back together?" Jerry asked, his eyes wide.

Ally shook her head firmly.

What's the case on?" Asked Tanya, anxious to change the subject.

"It's a murder case. Some poor guy got murdered, poisoned, the police think, just this morning," Ally replied, relieved at moving on.

"Merry Christmas to him and his family," Jerry sighed.

"Yeah. And he was only 23."

"Jeez," Tanya said. "That's our age."

Ally nodded.

"I guess what you say is true then, Ally,"

Tanya said sadly.

"And what's that?"

"Crime doesn't stop for Christmas," Jerry and Tanya said in unison.



TO BE